

quents thus far only three speakers have been able to complete their speeches. The first slip of a speaker is noted and then he is mercilessly hooted down. Tom Reed did not speak three minutes, Depew did not hold up for one minute. But Col. Donan held the club delighted to the close and was rewarded by an oration of praise and congratulations. He affected a cynical manner, loved to rail at men and affairs. That was his one deception and it was transparent enough, for down deep, below his invective and his anathemas hurled at the world, at parties, at races, and climates, his heart was as tender as ever was a trusting child's and was warm and great enough to take the whole world under its shelter. His love for his little family was all-absorbing, almost idolatrous. It is pitiable to think of the desolation of that home. God rest the gifted, brave genial gentleman who has died. God sustain and support and bring comfort to his loved ones whose light and life he was.

PEACE.

As the military scientists of the world contemplate the history of the war in South Africa, they will not find much in it to comfort them.

If the authorities of any country have heretofore counted on the superior numbers and discipline of their soldiers and their natural resources and have planned the conquest of weaker countries, they will hesitate now, for it has been made clear that a small band of brave men armed with modern rifles and smokeless powder and the gift of using them, can practically annihilate an army trained on the European plan.

Again, cavalry has been proved to be useless for fighting purposes. Hereafter the cavalry man must have his title changed; he must put aside his heavy saber and take up a carbine. The most effective arm of the service will be mounted infantry.

Repeatedly in the South African service British officers and men, on the march, have fallen, shot dead; but no enemy had been seen, no report of firearms heard. From a distance of a mile or more, so far away that no sound or firing was heard, the fatal bullet was sped from a gun aimed through a telescope sight. If at last the location of the man or company doing the fatal shooting was discovered, and pursuit given, all that could be found was a little band of men retreating on their hardy ponies, only to seek some other spot where the thing could be repeated.

What would any European army do if sent to some far-off country, and when there be confronted by such enemies?

The dawn of universal peace seems much nearer since the war in South Africa has been studied.

The prediction of long ago is beginning to be realized. The machinery of war has reached such perfection, that with a few more

improvements it will be impossible for poor human nature to stand before it.

As it is no strong power can confidently count upon vanquishing a weak power when the latter can muster a small army of alert and brave men, trained in frontier ways.

That in itself is a promise of peace. Then it is not unjustifiable from what has already been done to expect that the principle of wireless telegraphy may be successfully invoked for war purposes soon. It may be possible then to crush an army by touching a button. The reign of peace is drawing near.

WORRIED ENGLAND.

In the Contemporary Review Mr. John Gamble makes a vehement plea for a return of England to the policy of protection, and declares that free trade must be set aside unless England is to follow in the steps of Spain and Holland and at an immeasurably quicker pace than either. He thinks free trade has done its work and is no longer in harmony with the altered conditions of international competition.

We suspect that is true. The farmer must have fences to secure his crops against the stock of his neighbors, unless there is a law which compels the stock owner from permitting his stock running at large. For a full century England was secure. She had the material, the machinery, the trained skilled labor, the ships to carry away her products, the money to buy any raw material needed, and colonies the world around which naturally looked to her for what they needed of manufacturer's wares.

She from her secure place could afford to jeer at struggling manufacturers in other lands and her statesmen were fond of assuming superior wisdom in explaining to the world that real freedom meant unrestricted freedom of trade more than anything else.

But when the United States began to send coals to Newcastle, cotton goods to Manchester, steel to Liverpool, cutlery to Sheffield and to undersell John in his own market, then he began to ask if such things could be done in England what was going to become of English trade elsewhere.

So he is naturally worried, and some of his statesmen are beginning to say, "Of course we believe in free trade, but we do not want it too awfully free." The open door which he advocated for so many years does not look so pleasant to him as it did; he begins to feel that the door should be kept open, but that some people should have reserved seats on the inside.

As it looks to us, it is already too late for England to gain the ground she has lost. She will have to give up manufactures to a great extent and confine herself to banking.

LEASING PUBLIC LANDS.

In the *Forum* Mr. John P. Irish points out that twenty years ago the system of leasing grazing lands was inaugurated in Australia, under which each man who had a leasehold "confined his stock to it, changed its grazing ground and carefully nurtured the forage as

fast as it was reseeded," with the result that Australian ranges are as good now as in their original state, and advocates a similar plan for this country, the proceeds from the leases to be applied to irrigation works.

Fifteen years ago a convention in Denver, in which all the arid States had delegates, recommended the same thing. It was pointed out that by such a system the government would in twenty-five years obtain as much per acre for the desert mountain land, as it received for the finest lands in the Eastern States; that by obtaining such leases stock men would be free from the encroachments of others who depend upon the public lands for pasture; that could men obtain leases for a term of years they could then make a little provision at least for protecting their stock in the winter. The subject was thoroughly discussed, the only argument against the plan being that such men would monopolize the public lands to the exclusion of the poor, which is an argument of not much point, because where the lands are open to all, the result is the eating off of the scanty herbage until it is practically worthless.

As yet there has been no way devised to restore the feed that these lands yield, except by resting the soil. There has been no seed found that can be cultivated without water, and stock men pasture their lands up to the limit all the time. That will eventually cure itself for there will be nothing left. If the lands could be leased, the lease stipulating that half the land should be rested alternate years, the best results possible would be obtained.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

Lowell O. Reese in San Francisco Bulletin.
Why curse your Fate for what your hand has done?
Who shook the glass and made the swifc sands run
Yet swifter still? Who mocked the warning sage
And dashed aside the kindly hand of Age?
Who is to blame?

Who is to blame for all the misspent years,
The sins and follies and the crop of tears?
Whose soul bears heaviest the weight of woe
And condemnation for the grief you know?
Who is to blame?

Whose was the hand so prodigally wide
Sowed the wild oats which now at harvest-tide
Await the reaping and garn'ring in
The fruits of folly and alluring sin?
Who is to blame?

Who is to blame that t'rough a desert drear
You wander on, nor can a single tear,
From eyes burned empty and their accents gone dry,
Shed o're the pyre of murdered Days gone by?
Who is to blame?

Who placed the blight upon the brow of Youth,
Flung jeers at virtue, ribaldry at Truth?
Who drowned sweet reason in the fiery drink
Till it went gibb'ring to the Lethe's brink?
Who is to blame?

Who is to blame that you, a broken slave,
Gaze hopeless, old, into an open grave
With straining eyes that no salvation see
Down the long vistas of Eternity?
Who is to blame?